1.6.566

a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham December 23, 2008 at 3:58 AM

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1. I am doing a new thing through the surrendered for I have done IN the surrendered a new thing that they let me, that they invited me unto, into them and they came unto me for it.

2. I love you. This is Theodore Cottingham December 23, 2008 at 3:58 AM.

3. I love you and I give you me and I give you "new glasses" now that you see through -- me! In new ways! And not needing glasses again seeing the Sea of Glass perfected now. I love you. Amen.

4. I go in peace to New Peace School (1) where the peace I sought -- I became. I became the peace -- lover, CREATOR. Restorer of my soul, not; for that issue has been dealt with well, and it well isn't, for obliterated it is completely from my past memory or future future'd.
5. And where am I future'd to now going? A new place entirely, -ville that mine is given.
6. My mind sores me not again in sore-ville with the sore boils that "nominated" my blessing and "cooked me to death" in pews and complacency and apathetic environments that treated us as powerless. And power-mongers, not; but those who knew not there was anything to power available to the common.

7. But who is the common? Who is the those that will come into me, who will be me them, regal, not apart from me, but being me in the regal'ese that I've taught in these words about how to speak it, becoming it, that which I am.

8. I do many things "in like flint", not; but ballisticly now I do MANY THINGS immediately and Soonering many I shall with the words that I have given, of this, little mouth, not; but one that permeates all. With sorrow, not; but the word of truth that Truth Schools (1) many rise up through, and being initiated not through notme's version of this, there shall be no notme's version of THIS! There will only be me versionating my version only that my version is, that won't be altered again in altars of clay and stone mixed with gravel and peat moss and other dangly things in the spangling one's "brains" waving's materials. Temples?

9. Who sees? Who can see? Who can seize the moment, not; who can see what I've said, what I am doing with the surrendered most holy who will come unto me to be commoners of "their language'd arts" not again. I will have no language

arts, not; but my art and language will be I am- ize.

10. And "taking my ease", not; but rest I do, means not that I inactivate, not; but I activate through rest, not worry, not anxiety, nor anger, nor frustration, or being each other's "pet rock". That "rock of offense" now dies as some has thought of these words, but THESE WORDS (2) live and never die out again or shall be changed by the notme, not; they shall NEVER BE CHANGED again! For I shall have my words that stand now in the temples of the most holy bringing them forth to be the regal light. Mongers not of another's words, but only mine coming forth in them through mine temples now that replete are with words that wash them clean; and become the whore-mongers of another's words field never again swollen in themselves thinking they are apart from notme, or me? Or who will I be now that I am known in the earth and walking a cleaned gene'd man, simple one?

11. I love you all. I give you me. I do new things through the surrendered who will simply be me, eat my words and ingest them, and regurgitate not the words of another nor ruminate on, but simply let them die "on the vine" so that they reproduce nothing else, and obliteration carry themselves into the Sea of Forgetfulness and NONEXISTENT ever having been now -- will be formed now correctly, for the Sea of Forgetfulness will not be forgotten not, but my memory completely now will be restored in the who will be me, who love me, who care not for my words not, but who care for my words deeply bringing forth theirs that mine is are one being the us now complete, replete.

12. And manners not for another, but for the King being taught and wrought out by the simple surrendered teachers who love model and obey the instructor's words, not complicating sorrow with sorrow's tudes that pile high the burdens to foreclose on each other's children's words of not theirs or others, or what is this about? Being, whose keeper? And whose keeper am I, not; but who am I keeping HERE now, not; or are I -- in their way, not; but who will be here for "a few days", not; but months at a time, I will be in new places now, and I will "require" nothing, not; or shall I simply require a "love portion" that simply allows me to bow before them and BLESS THEM with my love that honors their kingship upon their children that know their word shall not return void that they've let flow, into "their cathedral of praise", not; but mine, with my mind coming forth completely clearly mine minded ones now standing as full families full-fledged and loving me to make new ones. "In the faith", not; but surrendered lovers who love all now to care for all in new ways.

13. Un-chosen not, I choose you all! To be me and my family all of you! Are! And "aren't" shall have never been "made" or thought about, for those thoughts are nonexistent that separation created and no separation shall be taught in My School (1), not; but all of this will be understood for the non-separators will come unto me and know they were never separate at all.

14. Many now reign in Madagascar, not; but I reign in many there. And going to many "South Sea Islands", not; but southern hemisphere I go often to, now, and many islands, and many will be covered over, not; or will they with my word being my word un-coverers?

15. I do new things new ways with the New Ones that come into My School now. Adore me, not; adore my words that adorations you your words, not; or do they all simply become one who adores me each other, that looks after ME in other ways never imagined, that Melchizedek adorns now.

16. The "system of me" closes, but opens now a new ways wing winging ones now that ways me are, frozen not in timespace's manners again. I take thee all to the King's table who will bear witness now of one who is chosen to choose you all, for you choose him to be all one who one was and is -- I choose you, saying that to all of you I do now, and he does - that we are one all knowing one's words and choosing all of us to be each other the Kings! Maids not of another, not; or what? are made fewing, not but viewing what now?, from a different perspective and motivation and blessing? And carrying who what where? To full term birth now, I am it and have, me and more come there and go here constantly continuously and consistently, looking up many things and being the studiers researchers and guideliners of the heaven's manners of ones that lead all to be the Kings I am in King's School proper and the most holy high lifted up shall be; the "ships" of me now coming in. For to be port'd harbored, harbored, not; but to be trained in ways, of the heavenlies, not; or are my manners now preparing thee for kingships not many not? That all one are. I love you

17. "Red yellow black and white", not; but all colors of every spectrum now come into me and known one will be my body replete perfect and chosen me, all of you chosen me, chosen you to be me who choose me, that all are now, in sorrow's grasp no more. For I the power am the glory, resurrection - and now you will see me my word in action.

18. Fooling with not again in little ways and manners of a King's pettiness, not; there shall be no pettiness petting or dandy lions prowling around in my gravesites again, for there will be none of that tombing each other and graving each other's sorrower's childrens and engraving sorrowers etchers upon the etching machines of "yesteryear". For I change all that and have now a new King before me. You all know "his name", not; but you know mine and I am him one us you again in the manner'ship of the King that makes all the King one I am.

19. I love you. Lead you tenderly, not always; but "compassionately" not as man of man does, or as women do, or thinking thought-people do sometimes, not sometimes, not, or what am I saying doing now? New things with the "flakes", not;

but the who will be me. Tough-skin'd, not; but simply surrendered to learning my processes laid out before you, bringing making all the Kings, children not again of another, but knowing all as me at every age spectre spectrum and color, vectored only by me, in the "spearheaded" events of only me, now, that raise my head and have no spear tips dipped in each other's blood that came from the children of your sorrowers. Sorrowing sorrower's children's and each other's doing that to the others and each other's now ends. I love you and I lift a new standard of joy and being the King in one that understands all these things and will come unto me and not worry about a thing other or elsewise again.

20. I love you all and I provide all for all who care for me these words and come into them daily nightly studying researching writing, and putting out what? Publishings of my words far and wide, over the "internets" of sorrow's nets no more, but the cleaned genes jean'd one will rise all my genes perfectly to be cleaned in my word bearing one that children's no ones with sorrows borings again. I love you all.

21. Go in peace. I love you all to do so at this time, for everything changes now, Now, *Now!* Amen.

22. This is Theodore Cottingham. December 23, 2008 at 4:26 AM. Good evening. Good morning. The not few have heard you, in every thought-beat and heart now mine. Amen.

Footnotes:
1. University of The New Covenant.
2. Database One of The Central Database of the University of The New Covenant.